



# Running Out



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## Chapter 1 by johanna chapman

I couldn't believe what I saw.

There was writing all over the walls, none of it made sense. There were random names, locations, times. I examined it all to see if there was any sort of pattern, but there was nothing. It was completely random. There must have been thousands of words and numbers scribbled on these walls. What did any of this mean? Who did this?

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It was 4:30 in the afternoon when I got the call, I had just returned home from picking up my two kids from school. The traffic was horrible, we'd usually be home by 3:30 but there was some march or something going on, some kind of protest. All I know is that it held us up. We saw thousands of people with banners, multiple had "Say No To Monroe!" written across them. I assume it was about our newly elected Mayor, Andrew Monroe, he wasn't exactly popular in our community. I didn't vote for him, but mostly because he was clearly unpopular. I didn't follow politics much, least of all localized politics. Maybe I should.

He was quite young for a Mayor, barely in his 30's. I'm not sure how he got there, like I said, I don't follow politics. But I do know he was involved in a big scandal just after his election. He was seen dragging a young woman to the car by her arm, she wasn't exactly trying to get away, but from the photos and videos, her expression showed fear. They were yelling at each other, I have no idea what was said or what it was even about though. You could tell she knew him though, perhaps it was a wife or sister.

He was seen leaving the building located on the upper east side, but it wasn't exactly a public apartment building. It was hidden away in the midst of a red old and rustic from

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the outside, made of limestone, but the interior was modern and had been refurbished more than once.

Anyway, the whole incident started this uproar, the feminists accusing him of being an abuser. Nothing has been confirmed yet. He sort of disappeared after that happened.

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The phone rang just as the kids had settled down on the couch to watch some afternoon tv.

It was Det. Sgt. Miller.

"We need your help." His voice was steady, but I could still hear the concern in his voice.

"We received an anonymous call about half an hour ago, they told us to get down to Mayor Monroe's suite. They detailed a rather horrific kidnapping. We just got here, but we need your help. You're a lot better at this psychological stuff. We have no idea what to do with what we've got here."

"Right away, sir." I said. "Can you tell me a bit more about the scene?"

"There are definite signs of a struggle. Furniture is strewn about. All pictures and paintings have been removed from the walls, smashed on the floor. The walls are covered in writing. We're yet to find any blood."

"I'll be there as soon as I can, sir."

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